Enter Romeo alone.

Ro: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio Mercutio.

Ben: Romeo, my cosen *Romeo.*

Mer: Doest thou heare he is wise,
Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio,*

Mer: Call, nay Ile coniure too.
Romeo, mad man, humors, passion, liuer, appeare thou in likenes of a sigh: speek but one rime & I am satisfied, cry but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, speake to my gossip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her purblinde sonne and heire young *Abraham: Cupid* he that shot so trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by *Rosalindes* bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her prettie foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one should raise a spirit in his Mistris circle of some strange fashion, making it there to stand till she had laid it, and coniurde it downe, that were some spite. My inuocation is faire and honest, and in his Mistris name I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben: Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees,
To be consorted with the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer:

Mer: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his Mistris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah *Romeo* that she were, ah that she were
An open *Et cætera*, thou a poprin Peare.
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.

Ro: He iests at scars that neuer felt a wound:
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Arise faire Sunne, and kill the enuious Moone
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with griefe:
That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.
Be not her maide since she is enuious,
Her vestall liuerie is but pale and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off.
She speakes, but she sayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourseth, I will answere it.
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,
Hauing some businesse, doe entreat her eyes
To twinckle in their spheares till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would shame those stars:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the airie region streame so bright,
That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
I would I were the gloue to that same hand,